THE

Dutch Embargo,

Upon their State

FLEET;

OR,

Nevvs from Holland.

A

POEM.

By *John Crouch*, Gent.

The second Impression, Improv'd.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Crowch*, dwelling on *Snow-hill*. 1665

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WHere are our Mighty *Dutch*? ſtill Weather-bound?
Although the Wind has mov'd the *Compaſs* round?
Are the ſcar'd *Foxes* lurking in their Holes,
Or working under-ground, like politick *Moles*?
Appear, and open your vſurious *Baggs*,
Pluck up your Breeches, or pull down your *Flaggs*.
Come with your *Giant* too, you ſent of late
To mince our coyne, and magnifie your *State*.
Is old *Trumps* broome (hung up to ſweep the *Seas*)
Imploy'd to bruſh off ſwarmes of *Belgick* fleas?
Are you aſleep? or has our floating *Wood*
Dam'd up the *Channells* of your *Seas*, and Blood?
When the warm ſeaſon calls you out to meet,
Has your cold *Terrors* frozen in your *Fleet*?

If you have any right, or courage, come,
We shall allow you *Mare liberum*,
We'l release all our glorious *Selden* writ,
And wave the waighty moments of his *writ*:
The Sea (made by our *Cause*, and *Valour*, wide)
Is narrow'd by your *Cowardize*, and *Pride*,
You make a *Mare clausum*, what? must we
Break up your Bankes to set the *Ocean* free?
Let's to that *Controversie* put an end:
Justice, or *Warre*; be *Enemy* or *Freind*:
Ye know what paines your learned *Grotius* took
De jure belli; fight, or burn his Book.
Are the *States Generall* dumb by consent,
At one *Vote* of a loyal *Parliament*?
Amaz'd that our State *Chymists* can afford
Such vast supplies, coyn *Millians* with a word:
Is *Amsterdam*, which us'd to be so crank,
(Boasting the rich Mines of her moun'tenous Bank)
Fal'ne sick (not of her Pestilence) but guilt,
Having no innocent blood left to be spilt?
Or (what is worse) is the transplanted *Plague*
Remov'd from *Amsterdam* unto the *Hague*?
Where the great Trades-men all their Plots disburse,
Unite the *People*, and divide their *Purse*.
All Artles grown? no Pilot fit to steer?
Where are your souls, neither in *Heav'ne* nor here?
Do Gunpowder and Brandee mix in vaine
To thaw the frozen Region of your braine?
Are ye afraid the Brittish Oakes ye bought
(Thinking to break our Ribs before we fought)
Should with your *Guilt* sink, or your *Judgment* burn,
Or by instinct of Simpathy returne?

As once our *Phenix* (which a fatal hour
Had captivated by unequal power)
From midſt of all your *Scrietch*-Owles took her wing,
And flew home, to enjoy a kinder *Spring*:
An act rare as the *Bird*, the *Engliſh* will
(Though ſometimes *Rebells*) yet be *Engliſh* ſtill:
The wiſer found this diſ-harmonious *pauſe*,
Your Ships are ſtrong, your hearts weak like your Cauſe.
VVhere is that fury ſunk your *Soveraignes* Fleets
Wrap'd all in flameing *Sayles* for Winding ſheets?
While (freind to both) th' amazed *Britiſh* ſhore,
Trembled to ſee her locks bedew'd with Gore.
None to ſucceed the generous *Vantrump*,
Who fiercely grappl'd with th' omnipotent *Rump*?
(For ſo deluded *Wights*, they thought t' have bin,
But *Heaven* is more omnipotent than *Sin*)
That both were ſtout, is no prodigious thing,
Rebells will fight with *Rebells*, or a *King*.
Reſtore what ye have gain'd by Fraud and Stealth;
Pyrats and Robbers of both *Indias* wealth,
Hire not the *Blacks* your Neighbours to betray,
Whites in your face, in ſoule more *Blacks* than they;
Nor catch the *Guiny* natives with your Ginnes,
Reform'd more *Heathen* by your Chriſtian ſins.
When will a Dutch-man *in one veſſell hold*
His Honeſty and *Trade*, his *Faith*, and *Gold*?
While man has mem'ry, may that helliſh Plott
Of curſ'd *Amboyna* never be forgott:
Where you pretend a treacherous ſurprize,
Firſt to betray, and then to tyrannize,
Racks, Flames, and Tortures, all ſo exquiſit;
Seem'd not to ſhew your *Mallice* but your *Wit*:

By tedious *Torments*, forcing us confeſs
What we ne're thought, *Mad: guilty by diſtreſſe*:
For after ſtrict ſearch (and a *Dutch mans* Eye
Rub'd with revenge is quick as *Icalouſie*)
Envy could find no weapons of offence;
Nothing ro ſtorm your walls but *Innocence*?
But you that *Innocent* blood in peace have ſpilt,
Doubtleſs delight to ſacrifice to Guilt!
Are all the *Men* and Ships deſtroy'd laſt Warre?
Sunk in your mem'ries too, no warning ſcarre?
Could a poore *Epileptick* Body (dead
Without the living influence of a Head)
Your numerous, and experienc'd *Navies* beat,
Or force them to the ſhame of a Retreat?
And ſhall not *Brittains Monarchy* doe more
Then it's ſick *Anarchie* had done before?
Convince us why *Republicks* Priviledg'd are
T'vſurpe the wide *Sea*, and the wider *Ayre*?
Is the whole *Eaſtern World* your propper due,
Which *Rome* ne're had, when ſhe had Us, and you?
Yet your *Republick* is a divers Thing,
The *Romans* had two *Conſuls* though no *King*,
They durſt not *ſtart* too farr, reſolv'd to be
Within the proſpect of a *Monarchie*:
The prudence of thoſe ſober Ages knew
Greater the *Monſter* was, the more *heads* grew.
Two *Perſons* Rul'd, with one miſterious Will;
The *Roman State* was thus *Monarchik* ſtill:
Two *Conſuls* Raign'd, One the whole Worke did do,
Rul'd both the *Publick*, and his *fellow* too.
When dire Confuſions muſt in time reſtore
You to the Thraldomes ye bewail'd before.

Did

Did the communicative *Sun* create
All *Spices*, to make Incense for one *Nose*?
Your *Pride*, and *Avarice* will worke your bane;
Where no *satiety* is, there's little Gaine.
Graspe what ye well may hold, 'Tis they extend
Too farr, who reach their Ruine, not their *End*:
Though you hold forth a single joynted Hand,
Your fingers start, and disunited stand.
We all admire *Divinity* in *One*,
But not in every *Concrete Vnion*.
You think the Narrow *Seas* for us too much,
Yet the whole *Globe* too little for the *Dutch*.
Good Freinds Print *Bookes*, and let the *Mapps* alone,
Accompt not what you Sell, but buy, your owne.
Thus, while fair Liberty you give, and crave,
You would be Free, to make the World a Slave.
Tell me (then *Low-Dutch*) when you were as bigg
With *Common-Wealth*, as ever *Sow* with Pigg,
Who your blest *Midwife* was; I trow, a *Queen*,
Or you had never *High*, and *Mighty* been.
Who was it raiſ'd you to this monſtrous Height?
Taught ye at firſt, not to Rebell, but Fight?
You have forgot our *Sydnies*, and our *Veres*,
Our *Monc'*, and *Oxford*, *Commoners* and *Peeres*;
Who ſhed their rieſt blood for your Infant *State*;
First to procure your Freedom, than your Hate.
Doe not ſo farr degenerate, to conclude
Your utmoſt Period with Ingratitude.
Ingratitude? O Heavens! Has not that word,
An edge as ſharp as your old *Generalls* ſword;
Does not that brave heroick *Prince's* Ghoſt?
Stare in your faces? tell you all is loſt?

If you with *England* fight or shall invade
Her Royal Rights, or check her Popular *Trade*;
If you by *Spanish* Gabells shall annoy
Your Fellow Merchants; and devest his *Boy*.
Tell me *ye Men of breeding* is it meet
Or pleasant for the Head to kiss the feet?
Does that new Blood quarter'd in every veine,
His or the *High and-mighties* honour staine?
Know the young *Prince* is more than *Orange*, now,
He may remit, Great *Brittaine* must not bow,
Be just to *Him*, and *Vs*; the Quarrell ends;
Silver will *ſoder* all, and make us freinds.
May never *Peſt* from *Amſterdam* remove,
Till ye restore him to your Faith and Love;
Meane time our Loyall *Duke* does kindly waite,
To know the pleasures of the *Mighty State*,
Hopeing this favour youl retaliate too,
To send him word what *Amſterdam* will do

FINIS.